

L I F E



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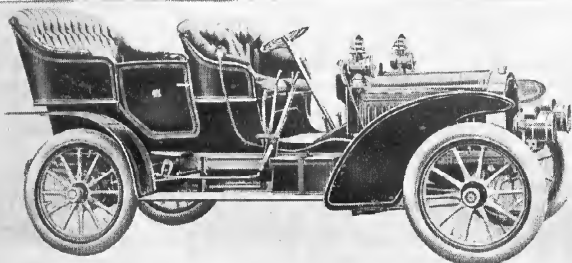
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OLDSMOBILE

a Pullman that needs no track—a public utility for every avenue of business hurry. Always ready when you are—a race horse when you want speed—"Old Doblin" when you build by the way.

The Oldsmobile Touring Car, price \$1400, is equipped with a 20 H. P. double opposed motor; cylinders $5\frac{1}{4} \times 6$ inches. Has side entrance, and is luxuriously upholstered throughout. Seating capacity for five passengers. Wheel base 90 inches. Speed from 6 to 40 miles an hour—with surprising hill climbing ability—noise of exhaust completely eliminated.

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OLDS MOTOR WORKS Detroit, U. S. A.

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No belts, chains or gaskets. All working parts encased, dust proof and oil retaining. Ample speed from 17 h. p. motor. Planetary transmission; two speeds forward and reverse. Operated from single lever. Brakes, treadle applied. Standard type Chassis permits interchanging four different bodies, including Limousine pattern at little expense. The NORTHERN RUNABOUT is still the best, and an immense favorite everywhere.

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Write for Booklet 11, which tells all about NORTHERN improvements and tests.

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Detroit, U. S. A.

Member A. L. A. M.



LIFE

IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

FOLKS married then for good,
And took due previous thought,
Nor ever guessed they could
Back out, once they were caught.

When gallants offer now,
They say: "I like you well.
Let's make no lasting vow,
But try me for a spell!"

E. S. M.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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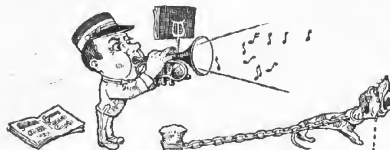
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NO man may predict the end of what began by the massacre in St. Petersburg on January 22. When

the army of striking workmen, led by Father Gapon, begged to see the Czar and present their petition to him, it became inevitable that if they persisted in their purpose of marching in force to the palace, and the Czar refused to see them, they would be dispersed by troops and there would be loss of life. They did persist, the Czar refused to see them, and ran away to his summer palace. His Cossacks and Guards charged upon the mob, killed 2,000 of them, men, women and children, and wounded 5,000 more. The significance of all this is not in the number killed and hurt, but in the general state of Russia, the state of mind of the Russian people, and the character of the Czar. A member of the Czar's household was quoted as saying on the day of the St. Petersburg riots: "This conflict will end the war with Japan, and Russia will have a constitution or Emperor Nicholas will lose his head." The fact that, all things considered, this does not seem an improbable forecast, makes all intelligent observers turn to St. Petersburg with the gravest thoughts.

Reasonable liberty, and, eventually, constitutional liberty, must come to Russia, and come soon. How soon and by what processes it will come is not yet clear, but since 1793 a social crisis so ominous has threatened no great European country as threatens Russia now.



LAWSON is like the grip. The worst of him is the after effects. If it is true that imitation is the sincerest flattery, he is the best flattered man out. Advertisements in rivalry of his crop out in the newspapers like ambitious weeds; magazines that feel the need of stimulating features bid for public attention, either by supplementing or refuting his attacks. What a remarkably fine revivalist he would have made! We think it is indisputable that he has helped to stir up a prodigious amount of interest in some contemporary methods of money-making. He has roused readers by the hundred thousand to a sense of the sinfulness of other folks. If he had used the same energy and talent to rouse them to an appreciation of their own sins he would probably have done pretty well at that. The dimensions of his talent, especially of his literary gift, may be measured by comparison. His imitators cannot do the trick.

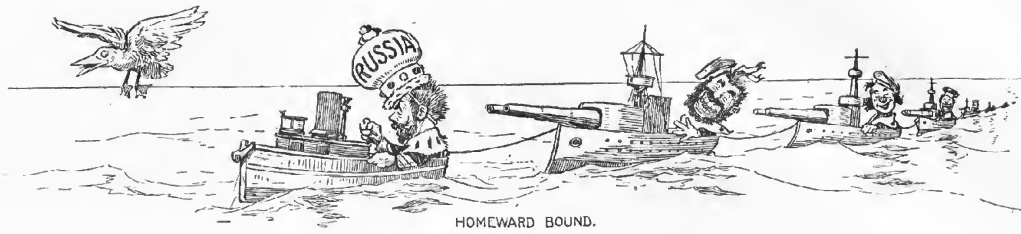


MR. ROBERT HUNTER, quoting Charles Booth, says that one-third of the population of London is distressfully poor. Without reliable figures to guide him, Mr. Hunter guesses that fully one-third of the population of New York is in the same condition, and that distressful poverty prevails in this country to an extent not at all appreciated. We wonder (ignorantly enough) how much the spread of poverty is extended by too many men getting hold of too large parcels of money that they ought to let alone. Does that make much difference? Does the franchise-grabbing and stock-watering, and trust-forming

and monopoly-building that makes some rich men so much richer, contribute materially to impoverish the poor? Profits won by methods that make the public richer are at least excusable, but money diverted is not "made." It comes out of somebody in the end. The profits that are exciting the most concern just now are those believed to be gravitating into the strong boxes of Mr. Ogden Armour and his accomplices of the Beef Trust. Their concern ranks for the moment as the boss ogre. It seems they supply us with most of our meat, vegetables, fruit and other perishable products, that they kill off all competition, that they control the refrigerator-car service on all the railroads so that no small butcher has any chance; that they buy beef on the hoof so cheap that the producer can't live, compel the railroads to haul it at a loss, and sell it so dear that the consumer can't live.



NOW if a tithe of these awful stories are true, Mr. Armour must be about the greatest poverty-breeder out of jail. We wonder what Mr. Hunter thinks about him, and what he thinks about himself. Like as not he is a young man of a particularly humane disposition, kind to animals and indulgent to children, and who does the kind of thing he does because it is the only kind of interesting thing that he ever learned how to do. He does it well. It is too bad the public can't hire him to make food cheap instead of dear. Why not draft him to serve on the Interstate Commerce Commission? In war times the Government is entitled to the services of any citizen whose services it needs. In times of peace its right to his services is just as valid as in time of war, and provided the need is great enough the services should be exacted. Would not the cure of our difficult problems that concern railroad rates and trust matters be promoted by drafting half a dozen such men as Mr. Armour, Mr. J. J. Hill, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Harriman into the Government service, and putting them to work?

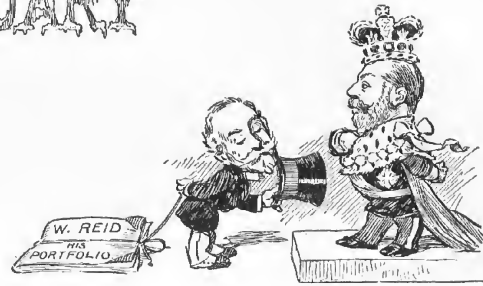


HOMeward BOUND.

JANUARY



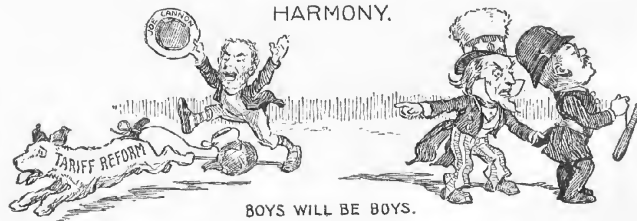
THE MIKADO'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.



A NEW AMBASSADOR



HARMONY.



BOYS WILL BE BOYS.



ALFONSO SEEKS A BRIDE.

F. T. RICHARDS.



WHEN POLO BECOMES A COLLEGE GAME.

From a Homemade Son to a Homespun Father.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: There's no place like home —when you're broke. But I shall linger here awhile yet, because I haven't got carfare. I put on my Sunday suit and presented one of your letters of introduction this afternoon. Please send me another hundred. Don't blame me. The

Harold.

NEW YORK.

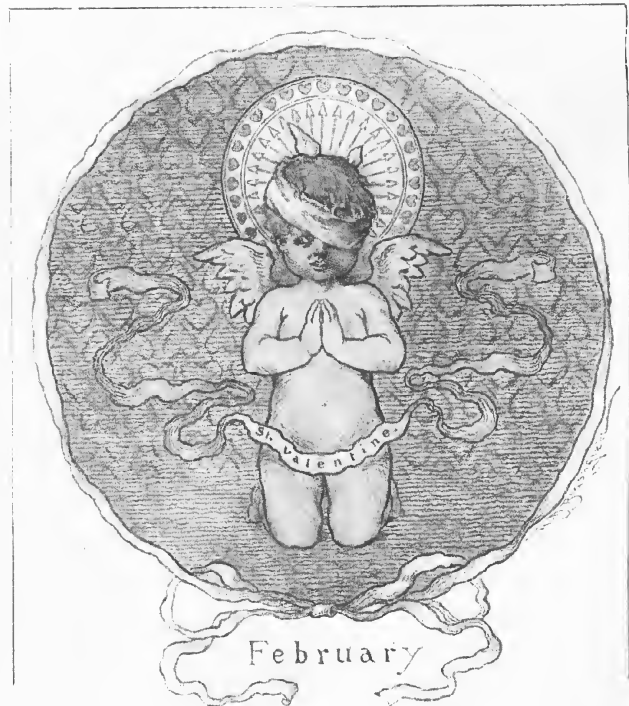
DEAR DAD: How's your game leg? Where's that hundred? I'm living at present at the Waldorf—that is, in the daytime. I have the whole lower floor, with letter paper thrown in. I am bounded on the north by the cab drivers' union, on the east by Oscar's low-necked palm room, on the south by a news-stand, where it's a toss-up between yellow hair and journalism, and on the west by the Chicago gang of stock speculators. When I get hungry I saunter over to the ticker and read the food quotations from Chicago, and my stomach curls up and drops dead. But when the shades of evening fall, I saunter through the subway and join the Mills Hotel. Send that hundred along by fast freight, for I need some New York clothes.

Harold.

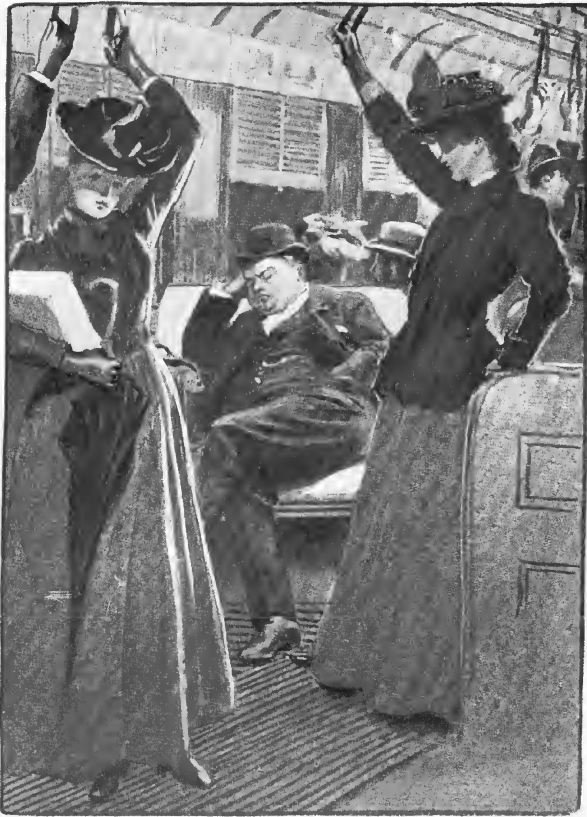
NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: About that letter. I handed it in to the President of the United States, or some gorgeously dressed side-partner of his, who happened to be guarding the entrance to the humble cottage of your old friend Peter McFudge, on upper Fifth Avenue. How Peter must have changed since the old days, when he clerked with you in

the general store! I enclose a clipping from a New York paper about some of his latest doings. He wasn't in when I called, but his last wife broke through the lines and led me past about four million dollars' worth of unblushing Venuses and other bric-à-brac, into a room where there was a bunch of Gotham girl-gamblers. I didn't know it then, but I do now. They were all playing bridge, and Mrs. McF. asked me to cut in. Say, Dad, have you ever



Wild Animal Sketches.



A HOG.



ASS.

played the game? I played whist with the Deacons at home, and thought I was the real thing. But when the Fifth Avenue harvester went over me, I was as bare as a pumpkin patch on Christmas eve. They got everything except my clothes, and they didn't seem to want them, though his wife said they made me look so much like the pictures of Peter when he struck town that she'd like to have them. Send the hundred by fast freight, long distance 'phone, or wire at your expense. *Harold.*

(Clipping.)

IS IT MCFUDGE?

SUDDEN FLURRY IN STOCKS CAUSED BY MANIPULATION.

NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW.

THE MASTER-HAND OF FINANCE CLOSETED IN HIS OFFICE FOR HOURS WITH THE HEADS OF SIX TRUSTS. GREAT EXCITEMENT WHEN THE FACT IS KNOWN. RUMORS OF A NEW COPPER COMBINATION.

There is something doing in the Street. This morning Peter McFudge, accompanied by his three private secretaries and a chauffeur, entered his office through the back door.

The market at once fell off three points. At ten o'clock it was learned that his auto had broken down at Chambers Street, on his way down, and he was ashamed to walk in the front entrance. The market promptly recovered.

But when the heads of six of our justly celebrated trusts walked in, evidently by appointment, to see the great magnate, the news rapidly spread. In a few moments it was known that McFudge's office boy and a director in two of his companies were driving copper on the market. A temporary

panic ensued. Loans aggregating \$8,000,000 were called, and Washington was notified.

It then became known that our largest financial interests had come to the rescue, and steady orders steadied the market once again. The close was fairly strong, but feverish.

It is estimated that McFudge's profits were three millions, not including the repairs on his automobile, which may reduce this somewhat.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: Hitch up the automobile and hurry along that hundred. To-day I had to take a job as office boy in an undertaker's establishment. I carry flowers and look sad. My clothes make me feel that way, anyway. The boss says he will advance me to the condolence department if there is a vacancy. Man just ahead of me is delicate and my prospects are bright. Boss told him to-day not to worry. If worst came to worst, he would have a grand send-off at lowest price to the trade. Mortgage the farm if necessary, but send along that hundred. *Harold.*

NEW YORK.

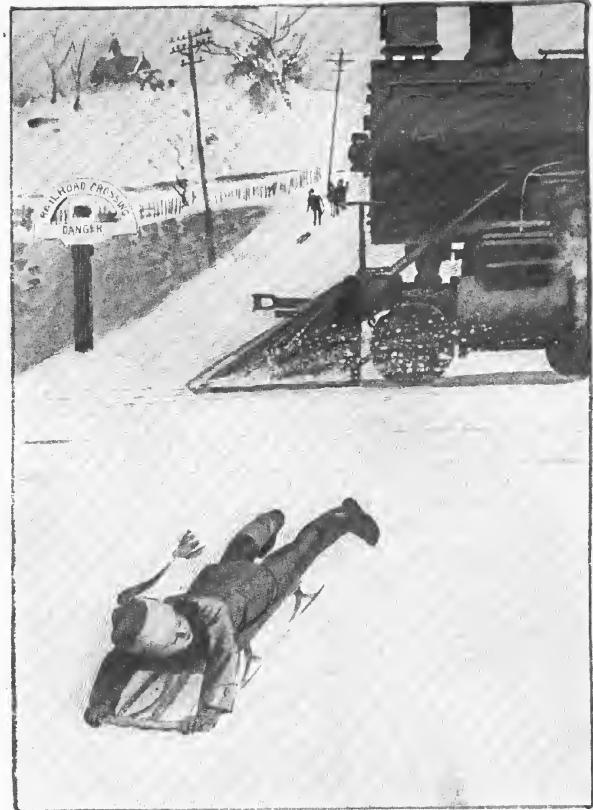
DEAR DAD: Lost my job. If you can't let me have the hundred right away, I'll have to walk home and disgrace the family.

How's the new cream separator? Have you husked the corn yet? And once more, how about that hundred?

Harold.



A SILLY GOOSE.



A LUCKY DOG.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: Hundred came. I was just about to step off the earth. To-day I bought copper with it. McFudge put me on. He said: "Young man, don't gamble, but do as I tell you." McFudge seems to be all right. "Can it be possible," said McFudge, "that you are the son of my dear old friend?" Then he wanted to know why I hadn't come to see him when I got to town, and I told him that when I called at his house I had been held up, and he laughed till the tears rolled down his face. "My boy, my boy," he cried, "that's the only game I have never been able to beat."

Harold.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: To-day I sold copper and bought a new suit with my profits. It took them all, and I am afraid McFudge considers me extravagant. He said: "The man who knows how to buy clothes knows the whole secret of business success. I could tell you how, but it will be better for you to learn for yourself." To-day McFudge told me to sell copper short. Also gave me a place in his cash emporium. McFudge is all to the good. He says he's going to boost me for old times' sake. McFudge says if a man has the right stuff in him, and the right stuff on him, he can get trusted anywhere, which is the secret of success.

Harold.

NEW YORK.

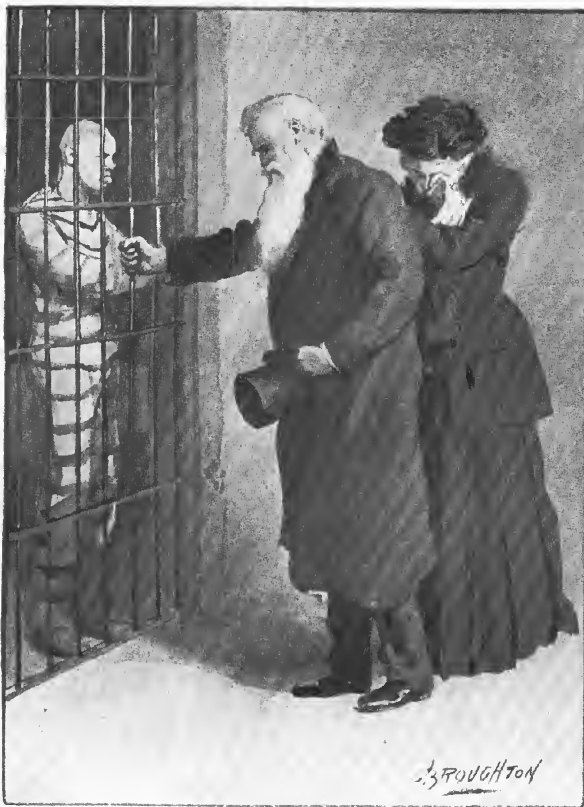
DEAR DAD: Bought copper to-day. By the way, did you ever hear of pajamas? You wear them on yourself at night—that is, if you have the price. They are the things that get you into the Smart Set. You wouldn't stand a ghost of a show with an ordinary night-shirt. I bought a suit yesterday, and spent the night trying to get on good terms with them. McFudge says that when you can wear pajamas as if you had been born in them, you feel the same way in evening clothes. It works at both ends. McFudge is all right. He raised my salary to-day, and I'll bet it was all on account of those pajamas. How's the peach crop? It's first-rate here.

Harold.

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: Sold copper to-day. I kind of felt in my bones that it was going to take a tumble, and it did, but luckily I was on top and didn't get hurt. McFudge told me to quit after this, and substitute my brains for my nervous system. He says it's all right for a man to gamble a little in the matrimonial line, with life and death, with faith, hope, charity and friendship, but not in bridge and Wall Street. I guess McFudge is right.

I am saving up my money to buy more clothes. McFudge says that wardrobes and friendships need repairs constantly. To-day I left Mills and moved up-town at



A BLACK SHEEP.

night. Mills hated to have me go, but I was afraid my pajamas might make talk. I'm living near McFudge now—just one avenue apart. He's on Fifth Avenue and I'm on Sixth. That's where I got him one better. *Harold.*

NEW YORK.

DEAR DAD: McFudge caught me drinking a highball today and called me into his private office and lit on me like a thousand of bricks. He said: "Young man, I was your father's friend, and I am your friend. You have great natural executive ability, but an executive ability with a thirst is something I can't use in my business." I guess he was right. "Rum," said McFudge, "is all well enough for society leaders and tramps, because we don't want to go too long on the useless members of society. But it wasn't intended for you and me." *Harold.*

NEW YORK.

DEAR GOVERNOR: How is the old farm looking nowadays? Is the mortgage still on? I enclose a hundred for a rainy day. I also take back what I said about that letter of introduction. If McFudge had been at home that day instead of the President of the United States, those girl-gamblers wouldn't have got a long shot at me. But it came out all right. *Harold.*

Misplaced Confidence.

I PRAISED Jane's beauty, and Amanda's wit;
Each told the other: now I'm out of it.

An Example.

THE AUTHOR'S WIFE: How can you write an up-to-date sea story, when you haven't been on the water for years?

THE AUTHOR: Well, I've been married for twenty years, and yet I can write a love story.

When the Blow Fell.

THE NEW MAID: Madam, your husband is lying unconscious in the library, with a large box beside him and crushing a paper in his hand.

MADAM: Ah, my new hat has come!

CLARA: Didn't you consider the Duke a good bargain?
MAUDE: Why, no—he was a little more than a remnant.



THOSE GIRLS.

Miranda: MR. SPOONER CALLED UPON ME LAST NIGHT, DEAR, AND TOLD ME OF HIS LOVE!

Myrtilla: OF WHICH ONE?



VARIATIONS OF THE OLD, SWEET SONG.



THE FIRST VALENTINE.



Copyright, 1903, by Life Publishing Co.

FE.



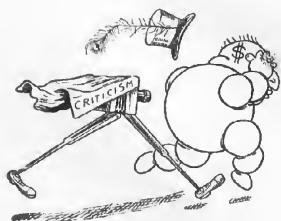
WAS A DOG."



Disowned.

PROMPT confirmation comes to LIFE's belief that the better class of Jews would not respond to the cry for help put up by the desperate members of the Theatrical Trust. Those men claimed and bellowed that they were being persecuted by LIFE because they were Jews. Just inside the cover of this number will be found the response to their cry, given by the leading Jewish publication in this city. It is a carefully and ably written leader from the *Jewish Daily News*, in which they are told what is thought of them by the race which they claim LIFE is "baiting." Disowned by the race and creed which they dishonor, despised by Jew and Gentile alike, where will they turn next? We could find it in our hearts to pity them were it not that they still hold arrogantly in their hands the interests of dramatic art in America, and exercise a despotic sway over the lives and fortunes of hundreds of helpless persons who are dependent on them for their daily bread. Tribute daily pours into their already overflowing coffers from more than six hundred theatres, covering almost every city and town in the United States. *Five per cent.* (and sometimes more) *of the entire receipts of practically every theatrical performance in the United States goes into their pockets.* No wonder they fancy that their caprice is higher than the law. No wonder they forget the sense of fair play and justice which is an abiding quality in the breasts of the American people. No wonder they are blind to the writing on the wall.

* * *



THE merits and demerits of at least two performances would be recorded in these columns were it not that the writer had been branded by these men as "an objectionable person." In behalf of the readers of LIFE the writer sought entrance, among other places, to the performances of "The Duchess of Dantzic" at Daly's, and "The Money Makers" at the Liberty, and although having paid his way as usual, was denied admittance, presumably because of opinions which have been expressed in LIFE, and with which its readers are familiar. From persons of credibility and judgment it



EVENING COSTUMES SUGGESTED FOR THE USE OF LIFE'S
DRAMATIC CRITIC.

is learned that the first of these performances is an agreeable musical setting of the Napoleonic story which is told in dramatic form in "Madame Sans Gêne," and that the second is a dull farce. If the readers of LIFE will forgive these second-hand opinions for a short time, it is believed that before long it will be possible for this journal to supply dramatic reviews at first-hand as heretofore. Meanwhile LIFE craves their indulgence. Just at the present moment there seems to be nothing for LIFE's critic to do but go away back and sit down alongside of poor old Aristides.

* * *

THE present situation brings irresistibly to mind the bibulous gentleman who had about reached the end of his tether.

"You can make up your mind," said his doctor, "that if you ever take another drink of whiskey, you'll go stone-blind."

"All right, doc," replied the patient. "I've seen about everything that's worth seeing."

Metcalfe.



BUSINESS METHODS APPLIED TO THE POWER
OF THE PRESS.

From Our Readers.

THE little difficulty between LIFE and the Theatrical Trust has brought to us a mass of commendation from those who read this journal. From the letters we have received we are able to use only a few extracts, but the following will show the general trend of opinion :

A SUGGESTION.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your recent legal victory. Now 'up and at 'em' again with renewed vigor and more power to your helpful pen."

THERE ARE.

"I simply want to say that you're all right. I'm so glad to see one man who can say what he thinks about the Theatrical Managers' Association and their products. I wish there were more like you."

WE'VE DOUBLED ON THEM.

"To be barred by 47 is indeed an honor. Had it been by only one, I should have been sad indeed to think they held you in such light esteem, but as the whole bunch are in full cry after you, good luck to you!"

WE HOPE SO, TOO.

"It is my hope and belief that you will bear yourself so bravely and wisely that the step just taken against you will be regretted to the last day of their lives, by the men who have the amusement lovers of America by the throat."

A BIG JOB FOR THE BLACKSMITH.

"An entire stranger to you personally, but an appreciative reader for many years of your unbiased criticisms, tenders his congratulations upon the stand you have taken. May your shadow never grow less and may your ceaseless hammerings finally weld the insensate mass into some semblance of common decency."

THIS IS FOR THE PUBLIC TO DO.

"By putting Klaw and Erlanger out of business you will greatly recompense a family who have suffered for years at the hands of the above-mentioned. Our every wish for your success in your attack against them."

STRIKE UP THE BAND.

"Apropos of Mr. Metcalfe's being refused admission to the New York theatres because the Theatrical Syndicate do not like his criticisms, I suppose we will next hear that he is not allowed entrance to automobile races, horse shows and even matrimony on account of jokes on mothers-in-law. If not, why not? Poor Mr. Metcalfe! He has my sympathy. Death, and as a funeral march, 'You can't play in my back yard,' is all that remains to him."

MILWAUKEE SUFFERS, TOO.

"We are glad that you beat out K. & E., and every man and all of the matinee women want to send you a vote of thanks. The afore-said firm does not treat the Western people right in the matter of entertainments and we rejoice at their getting something back."

OF OUR OPINION.

"Good boy! A purveyor of public entertainments cannot legally exclude any orderly person from a performance when presenting proper voucher entitling him to admission. The writer is not an attorney looking for a job, but simply an obscure citizen who admires your independence."

BRIEF BUT TELLING.

"I enclose five dollars as a subscription to LIFE to back up the 'objectionable person' in his tilt with the Trust."



FROM A DISTINGUISHED LAWYER.

"Railroads, hotels, etc., have to pay heavily for so treating men like Mr. Metcalfe; why should the 'Syndicate' fare any better? The 'Syndicate' is so stingy, and pays brains, upon the board or behind the pen, so little that they will finally be defeated by their own greed."

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

"The community certainly owes you a debt of gratitude for your persistent and justifiable criticism of the Theatrical Trust and I can only wish that those of your readers who appreciate your work would tell you so. The imbecile efforts to prevent Mr. Metcalfe's admission to the Trust theatres show how hard they were hit and that they are not invulnerable to criticism."

BUT THIS IS A CIVILIZED COMMUNITY.

"Threats of assault by Klaw & Co. on you entitle you to a license to carry a 'gun.' Do so and at first blow give them some lead."

From Our Contemporaries.

THE question of barring the reputable representative of a publication from places of amusement is naturally of interest to the press. It has elicited columns of comment from which, as being of interest to LIFE's readers, we make the following few extracts :

NOT TWO DOLLARS, BUT TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS.

"The chances are that the Constitution and about two dollars will suffice to get Mr. Metcalfe or any other peace-keeping critic into any old theatre, managers to the contrary notwithstanding; but suppose otherwise — what could Mr. Metcalfe do? He appears to have a nice conception of the range of non-libelous comment and a lancet pene-



BELIEVED HIM.

The Shaver: YOU SEE, TO US THINKIN' FOLKS THE OLD-FASHIONED THEORY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT IS ALL BOSH. NOW, I BELIEVE THAT A MAN GETS ALL THE HELL HE EVER CAN. RIGHT HERE

The Victim: RIGHT YOU ARE!

trating enough to get under the hide. He could Lawsonize the theatrical world with some very diverting 'frenzied drama,' no doubt. Better not monkey with the critics, Mr. Theatrical Man. The people are getting tremendously fond of fair play.

"Getting back to the concrete situation, it does seem odd that the managerial magnates would have nerve enough to sue for libel on account of a cartoon on the Iroquois disaster. Beaten in the libel suit, they don't accept the licking in a proper American spirit, but show their teeth."—*St. Louis Republic*.

A FELLOW FEELING.

"Thrice lucky Jim, I envy him,
His smile expansive grows,
No greater bliss could be than this,
To view no first night shows.
Of verbal stunt I'd bear the brunt,
To Hebrew blows submit,
If one would say to me to-day:
'You are not wanted, quit.'"

—*The Dramatic Critic of Town Topics*.

A CONNECTICUT VIEW.

"It will be a dangerous precedent if it can be established that a manager can exclude any person from a public theatre simply because he is *persona non grata*. It is proverbial that managers dislike critics who tell the whole truth about performances. The public is entitled to the truth, but if those who speak it are to be barred, the press can be muzzled with czarlike arrogance.

"If a theatre can eject a too-frank patron, why cannot a hotel eject a guest who criticises its bill of fare or a railroad refuse to carry a commuter who speaks his mind about its faults of management?

"The managers can refuse passes to Mr. Metcalfe, but we are inclined to think that if he pays his way he will have a very promising damage case against any theatre which puts him out of its doors by physical force, as it will have to do if he has the 'sand' we think he has."—*Waterbury Republican*.

BUT THE TRUST OWNS BOSTON, TOO.

"Editor Metcalfe, if excluded in New York, will find the train service to Boston admirably suited to his needs as a dramatic critic. The noon train brings him over here in time for dinner and the play; the midnight gets him back to his stenographer early next morning."—*Boston Transcript*.

A BUSINESS TIP.

"Klaw and Erlanger owe to the press whatever success they win in their business. It may sometime occur to them that the kind of warfare they are waging on Mr. Metcalfe as a newspaper man is of such a character as to enlist the sympathies of the press at large, and if the *Fourth Estate* concludes to line up in defense of honest speech in this instance it may be all over with the theatrical gentlemen who carry things with such a high hand."—*Buffalo News*.

LIFE WASN'T LOOKING FOR ADVERTISEMENT.

"The little affair between the editor of *LIFE* and the New York Theatrical Trust, that controls forty-seven theatres in the big city, is more interesting than the performances of the forty-seven theatres combined. *LIFE*'s criticisms of the Trust and its theatres have blistered a lot of managerial backs, with the result that Editor Metcalfe was sued for damages by one theatrical firm, and now has been barred from all the said forty-seven theatres. It is evidently a series of triumphs for the gentle and brilliant satirist. He won his lawsuit only to be immediately threatened with a 'licking' in public; and now whenever he visits one of the forty-seven theatres newspaper reporters by the dozen tag along to see whether he is ejected from the playhouse. Mr. Metcalfe has reached the unprecedented distinction, finally, of announcing for the benefit of the press what theatre he intends to visit twenty-four hours ahead. He does not invariably make a clean hit, but he appears to be scoring heavily this time. As an advertiser of *LIFE* the Theatrical Trust fairly outdoes itself."—*Springfield Republican*.

SOME SHORT ONES.

"Is the Theatrical Managers' Association trying to kill the fatted Metcalfe?"—*Town Topics*.

"When the Broadway houses are filled New York's theatre crowd numbers 21,496—not counting Editor Metcalfe."—*Boston Record*.

"James S. Metcalfe, of *LIFE*, has got a joke on his hands that is as funny as anything that has appeared in *LIFE* for many a day."—*Holyoke Transcript*.

"Mr. Erlanger's onslaught on Mr. Metcalfe was, to some extent, an attempt by a theatrical manager to silence an inconveniently frank dramatic critic by threats and intimidation."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

"The firm lost the suit, and now it is reported that they propose to get even with the editor by having him shut out of all theatres in that city, even if he buys tickets. If the editor should now bring suit against the managers he would again win and they would lose. Spite-work will not stand in the courts."—*Exchange*.

"The incident is similar to one in England recently, in which the theatrical managers were defeated in their attempt to keep a famous critic from entering their theatres, and the outcome of the New York attempt will be watched with interest. Mr. Metcalfe, whose reviews of New York attractions are among the brightest and keenest published in that city, has already been sued for libel, and recently one of the Syndicate managers solemnly announced that he was intending to thrash Mr. Metcalfe soundly."—*Glens Falls Times*.



VALENTINE VOICES.

Remedy.

"DOCTOR, isn't there anything I can do for this seasickness?"
"Why, yes. Try farming."

A GREAT deal of time is wasted in doing things before they are started, and then doing them over again after they are done.

The Woes of a Strenuous Spirit.

IT was a weary-looking ghost
That sat beside my bed.
Apparently he was a most
Dissatisfied and peevish ghost,
And this was what he said:

"My duty is to answer calls
For many mediums,
To nightly visit public halls,
To tumble chairs and tap on walls
And play on horns and drums,

"To enter séances and meet
With folk I do not know,
And when my business they entreat,
In spectral whispers I repeat,
'I am your brother Jo!'

"And when I go to see the Hub
There's little rest for me.
Some meddling Psychic Research Club
Begins my character to drub
Till I would fain be free.

"From Beacon Hill to Panama
I'm billed to do my stunts,
From Steubenville to Omaha,
From Maine to Philadelphia—
Full forty towns at once.

"And Minot Savage oft will look
Upon me as a swiper,
And say, 'Come hither, Mr. Spook—
Please take this package and this book
Across to Mrs. Piper.'

"In life I was a quiet cuss
Who led a quiet life;
I little thought it could be thus,
That death could be so strenuous,
The grave so full of strife.

"O Mister, don't you want a spook
To work about your home,
To mind the door, to help the cook,
To dust your hearth and ingle-nook
And haunt you in the gloam?

"O Sir!" he cried—but that was all,
For with a sad sobriety
He vanished quickly through the wall
To 'tend a far-off hurry call
From some Research Society.

Wallace Irwin.

Complete.

"WHAT shall I furnish my cozy corner with?"

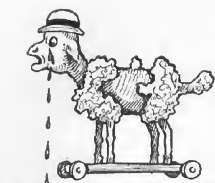
CLEVERTON: Oh, any good, desirable, seventeen-year-old blonde.

Tit for Tat.

"HOW did their marriage turn out?"

"As usual. Each one succeeded in disappointing the family of the other."

Copper.



THE air of America, the atmosphere of the streets, the steamy ozone of office and market, the breathing space of editorial dens, the advertising and misleading columns of papers, the mouths of ministers and the ears of patriots are all now full of copper—nothing but copper.

The average American has a soul sensitive to minerals. Some races rage over liberty; nations war for commerce and tribes for territory; but the American is the only one who loses temper and sleep over minerals. Yesterday, gold and silver made countless thousands roar; later, the fate of pig-iron shook the Republic; again men trembled for Freedom when steel was mentioned; and time was when the fate of administrations hung on the verdict of tin.

Now the metal of the hour is copper.

There are three classes of copper, each different from the others in what the pragmatic press agent would term contemporaneous human interest. First is the Copper of Politics, which is amiable, condescending and Irish, with a large percentage of mettle in it; second is the Copper of Commerce, which is real, actual, salable and all metal; and third is the Copper of Finance, which is papery, peppery, delusive, intangible, stocky, marketable and utterly devoid of metal, a bone to pick such as the greedy and unwise dog saw reflected in the water. The Copper of Politics, though found in vast lodes in New York, is not valuable commercially; the Copper of Commerce is worth about twelve cents a pound; and the Copper of Finance, while worth about three cents a ton to the sucker, is a gold mine to the pious and patriotic promoter of its fortunes.

While there are many Coppers of Finance, the most sacred and hallowed is that one whose high priest is Rockefeller, whose guardian is the Jolly Rogers, and whose barker is Tom Lawson—Amalgamated Copper.

Once upon a time Amalgamated Copper was a loose collection of mines, claims, attachments, lawsuits, mortgages and injunctions, and its weary owner, tired of walking delegates, rheumatism, Heinze, litigation, Montana judges and other forms of trouble, offered the job lot to Rockefeller for ten millions. The shocked and outraged John D. said, "Sir, this is either extortion or insanity. Am I a collector of brown paper bundles, a Cassie Chadwick or a Carnegie, that you should make such a proposition to me? If you are willing to accept \$48,167.49 and a golf set of 1897, I'll trade; otherwise, I may call the police."

John D. fainted when the discouraged owner snapped up his offer, and he realized too late the folly of reckless bidding.

Calling his friends Rogers and Lawson to him he led them into a Baptist basement, and drawing the blinds, he said, "Here is a good thing; but it would be immoral to reorganize this watermelon unless the common people were given a chance at it. The question of an equitable valuation has troubled me. I have prayed over it, and though

I paid fifty millions for it, I fear I buncoed the seller. Conscience doth make cowards of us all. My partiality for water, as a consistent Baptist, leads me to ask you to make a valuation for stock purposes. I dare not do it."

"As Christian gentlemen," said Henry Rogers, gently, "we must safeguard the interests of the widow and orphan. While doubtless worth one hundred millions, I will never consent to a capitalization of more than seventy-five. Duty before riches has ever been the guiding star of my well-lived life."

"Boys," murmured Tom Lawson, "as you know, there is poetry in my system, and sentiment and a love of literary values, though I hate publicity. In memory of the happy days when I stood behind a bargain counter, let us make it seventy-five millions and forty-nine cents. The grand old American investor—our perennial friend, the sucker—has a sentimental passion for a job lot and bargain-counter prices; and the forty-nine cents will be a guaranty of our good faith and our fidelity to religion and tradition. Are you on?"

"Always the poet and dreamer," said John D., with a sad smile.

"A man of heart and feelings," remarked Rogers, with emotion. "I bow to your sentiment against my business judgment. The forty-nine goes; though I favor conservatism which begets confidence. Never overdo things. Ten inches to the foot and three quarts to the gallon has always been my rule."

"Well, my Christian brethren," said Tom, briskly, "how do we divvy?"

"As an expert in division and separation," Mr. Rogers went on, "I would suggest we laborers are worthy of our hire. Twenty-five millions go to John D. for his name and religious reputation; my influence with the banks is worth another twenty-five; your winning ways with the sucker, Tom, ought to be worth fifteen; and that leaves ten millions for sundries and lawyers, and forty-nine cents for a working capital. That occurs to me as a fair division of the watermelon."

The friends separated; Lawson and Rogers for Boston, John D. for prayer meeting.

It is alleged that poor Tom was swindled, and only got ten millions, hardly enough to pay for advertising; and this treachery made him despondent, and he lost faith in his fellow-men. The stroke of the serpent's tooth hurt the buoyant heart, and the suckers were fighting for the stock.

Then the militant literary spirit in the man was roused; the outraged advertising lion woke, and Lawson went after the traitors with a pail of ink and a virile pen. In the hands of men entirely grateful the pen is mightier than the sore head; and soon Copper, the American idol, had the appearance of a Russian battleship after an Oriental exchange of compliments.

Copper is dethroned and is now on the broad path that leads to the junk-shop; the three musketeers of finance speak no more forever; the system looks like thirty cents in coppers; and the Copper of Politics is standing around waiting for the psychological moment when he will be called in to collect the pieces and keep the peace.

Joseph Smith.

Historical Plays.



THE Duke of Marlborough was wont to say that all the history he ever knew he had learned from Shakespeare's plays—not a bad school for a man who has himself engaged in making history on a very large and imposing scale. But what a curious mental horizon would bound the modern playgoer who should be content to glean his information from the stage. Historical novels—those will-o'-the-wisps of literature—are accurate and trustworthy guides by comparison with historical plays. The dramatic liberties taken with Philip II., Charles II., Henry VIII. and Louis XI. make Dumas' modest romances read like blue book statistics, or the reports on international coinage.

Nothing, however, that the English or American playwright has so far evolved from the ample resources of his ignorance can equal for a moment the wild flights of fancy with which M. Sardou has startled the theatregoers of two continents. For originality of device and for boldness of treatment he stands unrivalled in his field. A few years ago he gave us a Dante, unknown alike to historians or to students; a middle-aged, melancholy madcap,



"PEOPLE KICK ABOUT HANGING ON THE STRAP, BUT I THINK IT'S THE REAL THING."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK

PREDICTION FOR FEBRUARY 14TH: COLD WINDS FROM THE NORTH, HAIL, SNOW AND A BLIZZARD COMING.

who spends his time bolting into convents, frightening nuns, and playing sportive but feeble tricks—of the spiritualistic séance order—upon the credulity of an unenlightened public. *Now* he presents to us Cardinal Ximenes as a pottering old dotard, devoting himself, his church, and his country to the destruction of one insignificant female.

It really is too bad. If M. Sardou wanted to use the Spanish Inquisition for cheap fireworks ("nine people at the wings with a squib in each hand—all the dozen and a half going off at once—awful from the front, quite awful"), why didn't he take the industrious Torquemada for his tool? Torquemada probably had his engaging traits, but we have lost sight of them of late years, and shouldn't particularly mind seeing him vilified in a play. But to convert the keenest thinker, the

noblest worker, and the greatest statesman of his age into something too foolish to be feared, and too bad to be forgiven, is hardly a triumph of art. Were we to learn *our* history from the stage, as Marlborough learned his, we should be—like mind-cure patients—"in error."

Agnes Repplier.

The Real Question.

HUSBAND (*house-hunting*): Do you think, dear, we can get our piano through this door?

WIFE: I wasn't thinking so much of the piano as I was of my new hat.

ADVERTISING is fame that is paid for. Fame is advertising that doesn't pay.



MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE LATEST BOOKS

THERE is no national accusation more often laid against America or more often received by Americans with incredulous surprise than that of superficiality. Indeed, the very ingenuity and adaptiveness which have bred the fault tend to make us unmindful of its existence; nor is the German specialist's contempt, the Frenchman's shrugging amazement, nor the Englishman's elder-brotherly patronage conducive to an open-minded conviction of sin. Yet if we resent instruction, we sometimes take a hint, and in his essays upon *The Amateur Spirit* Mr. Bliss Perry offers us, clothed in his delightful prose, some delicate and graceful suggestions upon this touchy question.

The Gray World, by Evelyn Underhill, is a strangely eccentric coupling of mysticism and satire, which lures one on in hopes of promised wisdom which is never forthcoming. The book,



"WILL YOU PROMISE TO LOVE ME YOUR WHOLE LIFE LONG?"

"AYE, MORE THAN THAT, KITTY; I PROMISE TO LOVE YOU THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE OF MY NINE LIVES."



GLIMPSES OF SOME AMERICAN HOMES.
A COZY BREAKFAST ROOM.

indeed, is a close shot at a shining mark, but when the hero's father says of him that "if he were a little queerer he might be a genius, but as it is, he is only a fool," he unwittingly describes the book.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel, *The Betrayal*, is in reality an exceptionally well-handled detective story, but as the perplexing leakage in government secrets, which keeps the reader guessing throughout the book, is explained without the aid either of Scotland Yard or of any amateur sleuth of Sherlockian intuitions, one hesitates to saddle it with this much-abused definition.

There need be no hesitancy, however, about applying this definition to *The Millionaire Baby*, by Anna Katherine Green. In Mr. Oppenheim's novel we are curious about the solution of the mystery because of our keen interest in the people concerned. In Mrs. Green's

tale we endure the uninteresting people, if we do endure them, through curiosity about the mystery. Between the two attitudes there is a great gulf fixed.

The tragic fate of President Miraflores, of the Republic of Anchuria, the home of the banana, the mañana and the revolution, is the foundation of a series of informal digressions called *Cabbages and Kings*, by O. Henry. The American colony at Colario, the daily traffic in business and opera bouffe, and the author's trick of vivid and humorous narration, make a refreshing novelty in current fiction.

The volume upon *Guns, Ammunition and Tackle*, in the American Sportsman's Library, is one of the best of the series. It profits by a happy combination in that it is not only written by experts, but by experts who can write. It includes articles on the shotgun by A. W. Money, on the hunting rifle by Horace Kephart, on the pistol and re-

volver by A. L. A. Hemmelwright, and a remarkably compact summary of the scientific theory of rifle shooting by W. E. Carlin. The volume upon *Photography for the Sportsman Naturalist*, by L. W. Brownell, is said by the author to be intended for beginners, and it is perhaps necessary to emphasize the qualification in describing this handbook of a difficult and interesting sport.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Amateur Spirit. By Bliss Perry. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.)

The Gray World. By Evelyn Underhill. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Betrayal. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

The Millionaire Baby. By Anna Katherine Green. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

Cabbages and Kings. By O. Henry. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

Guns, Ammunition and Tackle. By A. W. Money and others. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

Photography for the Sportsman Naturalist. By L. W. Brownell. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)



L'ENVOI OF THE AUTHORS.

When Earth's last book has been printed and the types are twisted and pic'd,
When the Smallest Maynard has perished and the Littlest Brown has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it for the Century, at best.
Till the Houghtons cease from Millin and the Scribners are at rest.
And those that were good shall be Harpers; they shall sit with the Putnam chaps,
And write on Doubleday Pages, or an L. C. Page, perhaps;
They shall have real Britons to draw from—Macmillan and Kegan Paul,
They shall wait an age for their statements, and never get tired at all!
And only McClure shall praise us, and only McClurg shall bless;
And no one shall write for an Agent, and none for a Private Press.
But each for the joy of the writing, and each in his separate star
Shall write the book as he sees it, for the Dodd of Meads as they are!

—Carolyn Wells, in *Bookman*.

LEST SHE FORGET.

I lunched with her on Saturday;
The service was unique
And rather unconventional—
Assorted, so to speak.
The cloth, marked "Lafayette-Brevoort,"
Was spread for tête-à-tête,
With "Holland House," "Fifth Avenue,"
And "Waldorf" on the plate;

"Casino" marked the butter-dish,
The mustard said "Mouquin,"
A "Shanley's" served the halibut,
A teaspoon read "Martin";
The napkin said "Delmonico,"
"Manhattan" held the sweet,
A fork read "Café Boulevard,"
While "Sherry's" cut the meat.

L'ENVOI.

The hostess with her taking way
Serenely calmed my fears—
"I've only one of each," she sighed;
"They're merely souvenirs."

—Charlotte Thompson, in *Lippincott's*.

ANOTHER RECORD BROKEN.

Little Johnny's father's gun
Was an ancient, rusty one;
Johnny got it out one day,
When his parents were away.

Merely wishing to be cute,
He took aim and said he'd shoot;
Said it to his sister Grace,
Pointing at her pretty face.

Little Grace still has her head;
She was not filled full of lead;
There was nothing in the gun
That her brother aimed for fun.

—S. E. Kiser, in *Record-Herald*.



ONLY A MAN.

"THIS DRIVER OF MINE," SAID THE HORSE,
"USES WORDS OF LESS KINDNESS THAN FORCE,—
HE HAS CALLED ME A 'NAME,'
BUT I DON'T MIND THE SAME,
FOR ONE MUST CONSIDER THE SOURCE."

As it is Captain Frank Conn's business to build trolley roads, he always patronizes them on principle whenever possible, and eschews cabs. The other day a cab driver accosted him with the regulation, "Keb, sir, keb?"

"How much to the Long Island ferry?"

"Two dollars, sir."

"No."

"All right, sir; make it a dollar and a half."

"Is that your lowest?"

"Yes, sir; isn't that cheap enough?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"All right, then. Jump in."

"Oh, I don't want a cab. I only wanted to find out how much I would save by taking a street car."—*Argonaut*.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

The Prettiest Girl you ever saw.

CHAPTER II.

The young man interviews her pa.

CHAPTER III.

A wedding grand without a flaw.

CHAPTER IV.

An oath—a tear—a lot of jaw.

CHAPTER V.

"I'm going back home to my ma!"

CHAPTER VI.

Her maiden name restored by law.

—*The Editor*.

A RECOMPENSE.

Young Edward, aged six, was quite tired of staying in the house. His mother was ill, and had tried to keep him in the room with her because her room was warmer than his playroom, but his toys were all in the playroom, and he became restless to go to them.

"Good-by, mamma," he said; "I will come back in a thousand years."

"I will be dead and buried by that time, son."

The little fellow stopped a moment with his hand upon the door, and, thinking of the Creed, he replied.

"Never mind, mamma; you will rose again."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

COMMISSIONER WOODBURY, of the New York Department of Street Cleaning, tells this anecdote of a friend of his who was walking through Central Park the other day: Being in somewhat of a hurry, he started to cut across the grass at one place, but was stopped by a park policeman, who remonstrated with him. "What difference does it make?" asked the New Yorker; "the grass is half dead, anyway."

"Sure, an' what if it is?" responded the indignant guardian of the peace; "if yez had a sick friend, would yez be takin' a walk on his stomach?"—*Argonaut*.

"Let me see, a cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young student of language asked.

"No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor; "a cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

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